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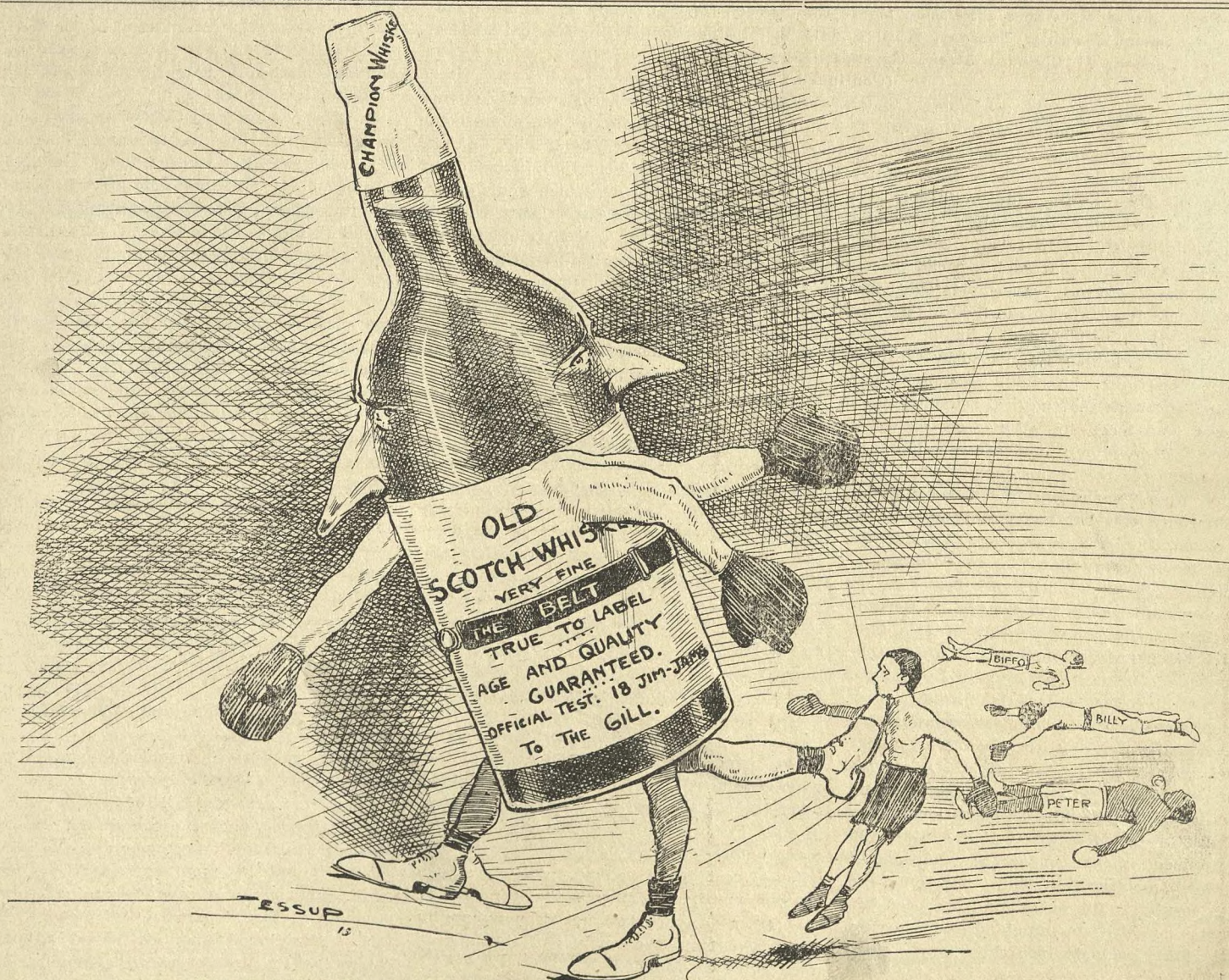
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EUGENICS AND DYSGENICS IN RELATION TO ALCOHOL.

By CALEB WILLIAM SALEEBY, M.D., F.R.S.E.,

Author of "Parenthood and Race-Culture: An Outline of Eugenics."

A Paper introductory to a discussion before the Society for the Study of Inebriety, at its Spring Meeting, Tuesday, April 8, 1913, held in the rooms of the Medical Society of London, 11 Chandos Street, Cavendish Square, W.

(Continued.)

Bertholet has made 210 autopsies, of which 100 were upon chronic alcoholics. In 82 of these—i.e., 82 per cent.—there were morbid changes in the testicle. His inquiry shows the error of the view maintained by myself before this Society in 1909, and quoted at the Hague in 1911 by our distinguished President—that such a racial poison as alcohol could not cause blastophtoria until it had first injured the individual body or soma. In this biological opinion, I must confess, I was largely influenced by the persuasive pen of Dr. Archdall Reid, who has argued at length that natural selection must always produce in the germ-cells a higher degree of resistance than in the cells of the transient soma. Like many other conclusions reached by the *a priori* route, this one has now been falsified by observation and experiment. Bertholet's work teaches him that "les glandes reproductrices sont plus sensibles a l'intoxication alcoolique que les autres organes." Bertholet finds a simple explanation of this fact, which his paper demonstrates, in the observations of Nicloux and Renault, who have demonstrated the remarkable rapidity with which alcohol passes into the reproductive glands from the blood-stream. The reader must be referred to the original paper for further details, but it is already beyond question that alcoholic degeneration of the essential elements of the testicle can be, and is, produced in man under the conditions of chronic alcoholism. Bertholet has found the same results in the ovary, and has been engaged upon hitherto unpublished researches in the lower animals upon these points since 1911.

In my paper in October I referred to the contribution of Dr. Alfred Mjoen, of Christiana, to the Eugenics Congress. His paper is now published* in the supplementary volume of the proceedings of the Congress, and it takes rank as a real contribution to

the subject. It is much to be regretted that only a very small portion of the microscopic exhibits of Bertholet at the Hague, and the pedigrees, etc., of Mjoen, in London, occur in their respective papers, which would otherwise appear even more cogent than they do in their present form. Mjoen refers to previous work on the subject, and notes the Pearson-Elderton results, which I have fully dealt with previously here. He observes that when the children of alcoholics were found to be superior to those of the sober (according to the notorious memoir), the explanation given was that the alcoholics are the naturally stronger part of the community, and that their children inherit their strength; but when, from a later inquiry, the children of the alcoholics were found to be inferior, the resourceful apologist for alcohol explained that this was so because the alcoholic parents were naturally defective, and the alcohol had nothing to do with it. So long as the memoir in question remains unreputed by its authors, and continues to be quoted as evidence on the subject, those who have looked into the matter will be under the regrettable necessity of pointing to the kind of arguments which are used in its defence, and which, as Dr. Mjoen shows in his paper, are frankly self-contradictory when awkward facts have to be explained. I here repeat the demand for the withdrawal of the Pearson-Elderton memoir, which I made before Sir Francis Galton's death, and which, I confidently believe, would have been granted on the evidence if the influence of that lover of truth had not been unhappily withdrawn from the conduct of the laboratory which he founded.

The reader must be referred to Mjoen's paper, the gist of which has already been given in these pages; but one cannot refrain from quoting its final paragraphs:

"I will finish these words in an appeal to all eugenists to join in the fight against al-

cohol, but on a new basis; the strongest blow against the strongest form—that form which destroys the joy of life, even before that life has commenced.

"There has been a tendency in our social history to wait until the harm is done before we take measures. Such philanthropic work may be a sign of great culture and refinement of soul and heart. But for society the act of saving drunkards is nothing more nor less than to teach corpses to walk. The question, 'Will someone take care of little Else?' is answered by the Norwegian author, Alexander Kjelland, in the biting, sarcastic words: 'First she must fall.'

"It is more human to take care of young girls in time than to save prostitutes. It is cheaper to prevent war than to mend the effect of it. It is better eugenics to take precautions against brandy than to build asylums for inebriates."

In October I referred to Mjoen's arguments in favor of the view that the strong solutions of alcohol are those against which a true bill can be found. One may now leave his paper by quoting the following sentences:

"When freedom was given to the distillation of brandy in Norway in the year 1816, the so-called home or house-distillation commenced. In some districts almost every farmer distilled brandy from his own corn and potatoes. The consumption of brandy replaced the consumption of other drinks in several of our mountain valleys. In these communities the number of feeble-minded increased from 1816 to 1835 more than 100 per cent. The country was alarmed, and after an attempt to diminish it by tax on the still, the house-distillation was stopped in 1848. The farmers had for years been brewing beer, most of it holding 3 per cent., 4 per cent., 5 per cent., exceptionally 8 per cent. alcohol.

"Any perceptible difference in the state of health, where more or less of this beer was consumed or where no beer was consumed, could not be detected. The enormous increase of idiots came and went with the brandy."

Lastly, we have to consider the recent results of the well-known experimental embryologist, Stockard, who is Professor of Anatomy at Cornell, and whose work on the experimental production of cyclopean and other monsters by the modification of nutrient media, and similar means, is familiar to all students of that department of biology. So far as experiment upon the lower animals can prove the fact of racial poisoning, his work* has done so.

Stockard worked with guinea-pigs, which were first tested by normal matings and found to produce normal offspring. The influence of the poison upon each sex was

(Continued on Page 10.)

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The Only Failure in the Family

WHAT LIFE TAUGHT THE BROTHER WHO STAYED BEHIND.

One fine afternoon many, many, many years later there alighted from the train a fine-looking, kindly eyed man of some forty years. There was no one to meet him, for no one knew that he was expected, and yet, like his elder brother Wilhelm, Friedrich Stallwert had been born there in the village.

With a free, wide step he walked up the road, recognised by nobody. Stopping at the "Domaine" gate he asked in which direction the sheep were gone that day. The man whom he asked told him and he went on at once. And there, out on the hillside, he found his brother sitting quiet, his dogs running back and forth, the sheep pasturing before him.

A strange, solitary, gray, bent figure!

Friedrich went up to him. "Gottfried," he said, the big tears brimming, "I'm the little one—do you know me?"

Gottfried, who was now sixty-five, turned and opened his arms to the man of forty.

"Friedrich—little one, he exclaimed, and held him close and kissed him on both cheeks.

"Oh, Gottfried," said his brother, "I've come a long way and prayed often for this meeting, because—because only lately have I begun to take the measure of thy noble life."

"My noble life!" said the old shepherd. "I have been given the chance to do nothing noble—all that our Father in Heaven saw for me was to be the one who stayed behind."

"Brother," said Friedrich—oh, very gently, very sadly, very earnestly—"it is gay and bright and easy to fare forth in the sunshine and gather the honey for life's store; but there are others who choose to stay in the dark and fashion the cells. With little fluttering things the light calls one, and the darkness calls another; we with our dim understanding call it all Nature, but with man it is not Nature—with man all love the sun and all long to fare forth. You stayed in the dark."

The old shepherd shook his head. "The choice was not mine," he said; "give me no credit for that. I was forced to stay."

"The sacrifice was yours," said his brother.

"Yes," said the shepherd, "it was a sacrifice—but it was no willing sacrifice. I had my lesson to learn as well as the rest of you, and mine came another way—that was how it was. Hold!" he exclaimed suddenly. "I'll show you how life's been with me," and spreading his hands wide apart so that they showed all the wide desolation of the valley's winter his heart poured forth in the pent-up torrent of years. "It was my lesson, something at first beyond my will; later it took my will into its keeping. The choice was not mine, but everything was mine afterward. The tempest, the cold, the hunger, the summer's sun, the hours that never fled, but ever marched slowly, the endless reflection, the endless prayer, the endless, slow learning. They've all been mine. That's been my part."

"Because you were the strongest of us all," said Friedrich.

"Oh, yes; I've known that too," said the shepherd; "the one who stays behind soon learns what keeps him there. Going forth is so pleasant, earning rewards is so glorious, it takes a strong man to sit quiet and see all taken from him, and be silent and not complain. The one who stays behind learns all that too. I've learned."

Friedrich gasped.

"When Lenchen left me," said the shepherd, "then my heart left too; and the winter after, as the Mother and I nursed the Father together, I learned to be tender and pitiful as a woman. If I hadn't been broken on the wheel I might have rebelled. If I'd had any hope I might have taken my future in hand and fled away to it in prospect. But I had lost all; and so, when the Father went, the Mother and I sat by the fire together, and while we sat there I learned the happiness of complete surrender. That was the first lesson learned."

Friedrich was dumb.

"And then the Mother went, and for long years I've been alone," said the old man, "and the lessons have come fast. There were others to care for. Lenchen left her parents when she went away, you know, and—"

"Surely, Wilhelm—" interrupted the brother.

"They send money," said the shepherd

with a crushing simplicity of tone; "I do all the rest. It's become very plain to me why I stayed behind. But the great miracle of it all is—I'm happy now. For long years I fought and tore at myself, but I'm happy now."

"Happy!" said Friedrich.

"Happy," said his brother. "I'm never alone. All the world sits here on the hillside with me, and teaches and learns with me. I can't explain, little Brother, because I've no words; but what the years have brought is dearer than Lenchen, is richer than money, is prouder than success. I can't describe it because I've no words. I'm not a Herr Pastor and words don't come easy; but, somehow, it's as if I'd gone into a great market and sold all, and found I'd been tricked with the weight in copper instead of silver; and when I got home I found that it was gold instead of silver."

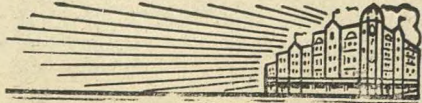
Friedrich felt something like awe stealing into his veins.

The old shepherd leaned upon his crook and nodded his head very slowly—oh, very slowly.

"That's it, little Brother; you see we set out in life after things, and we want them badly and we think that they are really what brings joy. I was strongest; I was the most daring; I knew that I could get anything I set out after, for it was in my blood. I wanted to fare forth into life and swallow something larger than the village gives; but at first the Father, the Mother and Lenchen held me; I had to give it up. Then I knew what a little house and a wife would be like. I saw Lenchen with a baby in her arms. Well, I had to give that up. It was hard. It was all hard. And as the years went on through my bones, harder yet arose. I had to struggle here on the hillside; as I seemed to sit thinking so quietly I was fighting battles. I couldn't lay about me. I had to be ever still for the sheep. There was no way out for me. The good God had locked me up in myself. I had to go on for years. As I grew older the lessons cut deeper. The knife was always busy. At first the pain was bad. After a while I began to see. Then I began to hear. Then I began to know. Finally, one blessed morning, as I took the sheep forth into the rising sunbeams the sun burst in upon me. I could hardly breathe.

(Continued on Page 10.)

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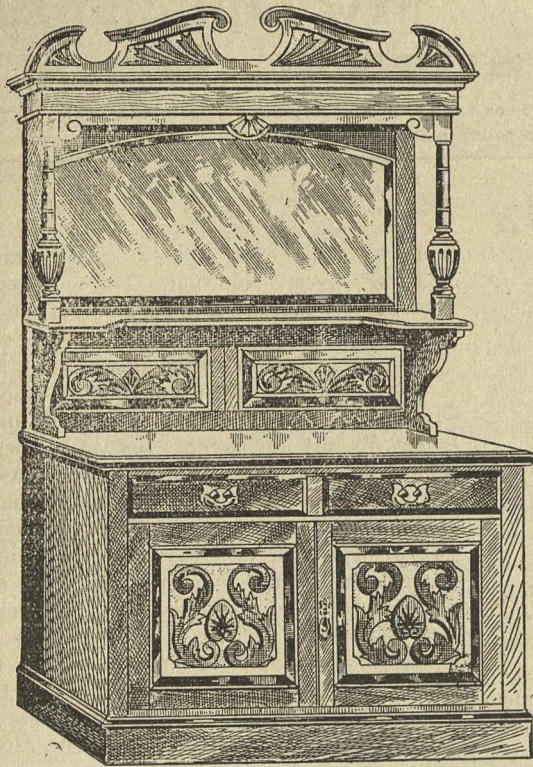
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ALLIANCE SECRETARY,

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in the Congregational Church on Sunday. On Monday evening an organizing meeting was held. Mr. Drummond was appointed president and representative to the State Council. Parramatta has put up a good fight on the occasion of the last two polls, and it is to be hoped that the same enthusiasm will be displayed this year.

CROYDON.

At Croydon, which is in the Burwood electorate, the local committee is getting on a hustle. On Tuesday night Mr. Marion addressed a public meeting. At the meeting it was pointed out that in the building covenant for the Malvern Hill Estate, the licensing of an hotel is expressly forbidden.

PADDINGTON.

The Sydney City Mission Band was in attendance at a No-License rally at Paddington on Wednesday night. The General Secretary addressed the meeting, and urged renewed activity in the eastern suburbs.

LEAFLETS! LEAFLETS!

The publication of the second set of eight leaflets is being preceded with, the samples of which appeared in last week's "Grit." The first eight are also in stock. So there are now no less than sixteen different kinds dealing with the various aspects of the liquor question, 5/6 per 1000, freight extra.

THE PRESIDENT'S LETTER.

The letter written by Archdeacon Boyce and posted to 300 papers throughout N.S.W. has already appeared in several papers that have come to hand. If our friends in the country see the letter in their local paper we shall be pleased to receive a copy at headquarters.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

This is a plain blunt question, but the near approach of the poll demands that everyone who is anxious for the over-throw of liquor should be up and doing. Organizing and educational work is urgently needed all over the State.

THE SPEAKERS' TEAM.

The now famous Speaking Team is doing grand service, and since last week meetings have been held at Campsie, Annandale, Marrickville, and Burwood. Mr. O. Piggott will be pleased to hear of any young men who desire to join the Team. A letter to 33 Park Street will find him.

New South Wales Alliance.

MONTHLY STATE COUNCIL MEETING.

There was a splendid attendance of members at the State Council meeting on Monday afternoon, when several important matters were dealt with. The question of Earlier Closing of Hotels was again referred to, and it was decided to call a special meeting of the State Council to deal with the whole matter.

A letter was received from Professor Clouston, asking for three months' leave of absence on account of ill-health. The Council expressed its deep regret at the Professor's illness, and its earnest wish for a speedy recovery.

It was decided that the Speakers' Team should be given representation on the State Council. The General Secretary gave an extensive report on the progress of the campaign.

SCRUTINEERS.

The Council expressed great pleasure at the provision being made for scrutineers at the next poll, and a resolution of appreciation was passed, which has been forwarded to Hon. D. R. Hall, M.L.C., who instituted the bill in the Upper House.

QUARTERLY COURT CONGESTION.

The fact that in recent wine license applications the Metropolitan Quarterly Court has been adjourned from Thursday to Thursday, has caused much inconvenience to the Alliance and the friends who appear as objectors. A strong request has been made to the Attorney-General to make provision for the sittings of the court to proceed from day to day until the list is cleared.

RYDE ELECTORATE.

Rev. S. J. Gibson, who has been doing splendid work in Allowrie, is now busy organizing the No-License forces in the newly-created Ryde electorate.

MR. ARNOLD GOING TO HAY.

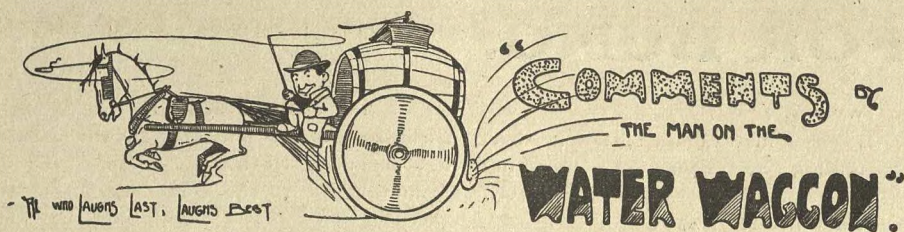
Mr. Arnold, the well known Tent Missioner, is to start a mission at Hay on September 1, in which he will especially feature No-License.

PARRAMATTA.

The General Secretary spent the week-end at Parramatta. On Saturday night he was supported in the open air by Mr. Piggott, and on Sunday afternoon in the Park by Mr. Francis Wilson. Services were held

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THE SWEET HONEY AND THE BEE THAT STUNG.

We received an awfully nasty sting last week—just where we didn't expect it, too. It all came to pass so suddenly—the sting we mean—that it was upon us before we knew it. It was this way, readers: We had purchased "Fairplay" in our new white dress and "Grit"-like new type, and settled ourselves down on the boat to read the "Leaders." 'Tis quite a month or two since we allowed ourselves this treat, so, hey presto to the leading columns to find out what has been doing of late. What denunciation shall we not find right there—what article labelled "Grit" says so and so? Not at all, Sirs—"not to-day," as the housewife says when the vegetable man calls. There meets our eye simply a finely written article—we mean it—on "Australia's call to America." Some of the passages were really fine, and we bemoaned the fact that one who could write like this should be compelled to root about in the dust-boxes for something to throw at the wowsers. Here is a little extract from the general argument that Australia should take part in the 'Frisco Exhibition, and generally hold forth the hand of welcome to our Anglo-Saxon brethren—should in fact invite them over to help populate our beautiful country—help us defend it since it is well worth defending. "Fairplay" says:—

"Australia cannot afford to neglect the exhibition at the call of the Mother Land. The Panama Canal does mean much to us and to our trade, and the opportunity to advertise our continent in American eyes at the moment when San Francisco is the supreme centre of national interest is something that it would be sheer insanity to ignore. Australia has an immense problem of immigration before her. Vast areas of fertile and productive lands lie north and west of our present settlements waiting to be filled with the homes of sturdy and energetic white men. There is no country to which we can more hopefully look for immigrants of the best kind than to the great Republic lying between the Atlantic and Pacific, which is already practically filled with population."

To which sentiments we cheerfully say "Amen."

THE SHOCK.

Now up to this juncture we were entirely in accord with our contemporary, and

pleased to think she had not only a new fair white dress, but had decided to avoid extravagance and write decent political and economic articles. However, we were soon to be awakened. The fourth paragraph tolled the bell for the funeral of our hopes. We smelt a rat (to use a vulgarism) at the first stage. It started thus ominously:—

"But—there is nearly always a but in matters of this kind—the welcome which Australia has to offer must be one to a free land where there are no irksome restrictions on personal liberty. Such restrictions are about the only things that will make men turn aside from a path of profit and advantage. Dangers they are prepared to face cheerfully, privations may be bravely borne for the sake of the thing to be achieved, but loss of personal liberty is quite another matter."

Ha, ha, ha, we said to ourselves, here comes the old Liberty League argument. "Fairplay" could twist a discussion on the aged pyramids into an argument in favor of keeping the hotel bars open till midnight.

But one goes further in the perusal of this "article" to fare worse—our editor now blossoms out in his true colors. Harken to this strained philosophy:—

"Australia does not ask her new immigrants to face any serious or immediate dangers, the privations of pioneering are no longer severe or enduring, and up to the present the restrictions on personal liberty are few and of a trifling nature. Were the San Francisco exhibition now in full swing we could speak our invitation to our American kin without reservation and without fear that on examination they would discover that the picture we painted was too rosy or that Australia lived under disadvantages that out-balanced all her other claims. But suppose—it is a wild, mad supposition, but it is necessary to a clear demonstration of the position—suppose one or two electorates in New South Wales were blind enough to their own interests to carry No-License at the forthcoming poll, with what kind of confidence could we place the advantages of Australia before an American public? That public knows at first hand the tremendous disadvantages of Prohibition and No-License, knows the real effect of the closed bar and the abominations of bad liquor sold in defiance of law, and would at once scout our

proposition that Australia offered a fair field for the enterprising American. It is a plain fact that all the advertising of our country on the part of our State or Commonwealth authorities would be effectively destroyed by the one statement that No-License was seriously gaining ground in the most populous State of the Federation."

We apologise for the length of this quote from our contemporary—but our readers will agree it was too good to lose. Such a picture—the enterprising American who has been the leader in the great progressive movement to abolish alcoholism—the water-drinking American who moves too fast to entertain any nerve-racking proposition—we are to sit and watch him deciding to withdraw his presence and his trade because there are not as many old fat boozers about to justify the city being formed into a big Liberty League. Forsooth, Mr. Editor, you do play havoc with our sense of humor.

MEDICAL CERTIFICATES AND NEWSPAPER ADVERTISEMENTS.

"An action has just been heard in the High Court which recalls the case, recorded at the time in 'Notes and News,' by which the proprietor of Stevens' Consumption Cure sought to recover damages from the British Medical Association for alleged libel. The present action was brought by Dr. Arthur Latham, the eminent physician, who sought to obtain an injunction restraining Stevens from publishing a certificate relating to one Hodgson to the effect that Dr. Latham had expressed approval of the Consumption 'Cure.' Dr. Latham's case was that the certificate in question had been obtained from him by a fraudulent trick, Hodgson having written to Dr. Latham stating that he had suffered from consumption, but that he was now cured, and asking Dr. Latham to examine him and give him a certificate to say that he was cured. He was examined by Dr. Latham, who gave him a certificate, which was subsequently inserted in several newspaper advertisements relating to the 'cure,' the suggestion being that the cure had been effected by Stevens. For the defendant it was submitted that Stevens had never intended to convey the suggestion that Dr. Latham certified the condition of Hodgson as being the result of Stevens' treatment, but, after some discussion, counsel for the defendant said his client would submit to the injunction, and Mr. Justice Sargent said the defendant had acted wisely."—From British Medicine Notes in "Australian Pharmaceutical Notes and News."



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THE MEMBER FOR BUNG.

(Reprinted from Brisbane "Worker.")

The Brisbane daily papers of Friday last published special supplements containing an extremely lengthy "report" by Mr. V. B. J. Lesina on the liquor legislation of New Zealand.

A report is the work of an agent acting for a principal. It implies a person or body reported to. Now to what person or body was Mr. Lesina's report addressed?

The document itself does not say. It is on this point strangely silent.

There are, however, strong internal evidences to show for whom the work was done, but if these should not suffice to convince, "The Worker" is in a position to inform the public that the principal for whom Mr. Lesina acted as agent was the Queensland Licensed Victuallers' Association.

That is the body the report was made to, and that is the body, we presume, that paid for the publication of the report in the daily press.

Mr. Lesina would have us believe that he went to New Zealand as an independent inquirer, as a patriotic legislator, anxious to acquaint himself with first-hand information on this question, which is likely soon to be the subject of legislation in the Queensland Parliament.

"To equip myself for a thorough understanding of the proposed measure of legislation," he says, "it was necessary that I should examine, impartially and without prejudice, the legislative experiment in 'No-License' being conducted in New Zealand."

How "impartial" and "without prejudice" his inquiries were the public may infer when it learns that he went over to New Zealand as the emissary of the Licensed Victuallers, with the object of drafting such a report as would help bolster up their threatened monopoly.

The report itself is a tissue of misrepresentations, ill-digested statistics, whirling irrelevancies, and contradictory arguments. It is a document, moreover, of which a Labor representative above all others should blush to be the author. In the wild attempt to please his masters, and serve the cause of Bung, the member for Clermont even goes out of his way to appeal to the jingo sentiment, to gird at the women's franchise, and to belittle the principle of majority rule.

The general tenor of the report is summed up in Mr. Lesina's declaration that No-License does not mean no drink, that indeed under the No-License laws of New Zealand the consumption of alcoholic liquors has increased, not only in the aggregate, but per head of the population.

Now let any sensible man ask himself this question. If that is so, why are the sellers of alcoholic liquors crying out against legislation that improves their trade and enhances their profits?

If it is true, as Mr. Lesina says it is, that No-License causes more grog to be consumed, why don't the grog merchants vote

for No-License instead of spending their money fighting it, instead of employing agents like the member for Clermont to work up a case against it?

Mr. Lesina harps upon this alleged increase of drinking under No-License all through his report, and mishandles masses of figures to verify the statement.

But the question is one that can be decided without reference to statistics at all. Granted there has been an increase in the grog bill of the Dominion, that it is not due to No-License is, we hold, conclusively proved by the fact that those who are interested in increasing the sale of grog are furiously fighting No-License.

Statistics are not needed here, and three-fourths of Mr. Lesina's laborious but ill-constructed report can therefore be tossed in the rubbish bins, to be carted away as matter injurious to the public health.

It stands to reason, we submit, that no trade will oppose that which swells the volume of its business, and augments its prosperity. And the single fact that the grog sellers are so bitterly hostile to No-License is sufficient to convince any reasoning being that it is not to No-License that the increased consumption of grog in New Zealand is attributable, but to the growth of the grog habit outside the No-License areas.

It may be said that it is the licensed barkeepers who are opposing this legislation, because it takes the trade out of their hands and diverts it to the sly-grog dealers. But this argument hinges upon a fallacy.

The licensed barkeepers are for the most part merely the employees of the big breweries, and what does it matter to the latter who sells the liquor so long as it is sold? If they can sell more by letting the licensed barkeepers go—and that is what Mr. Lesina's "argument" amounts to—can any person of balanced mind imagine them battling fiercely, and flinging their money about lavishly, in order to prevent their business from increasing?

Human credulity is a fearsome and wonderful thing, but is it capable of making any sane man believe that Bung would thus kick the bottom out of his own barrel?

Patriotism is answerable for a good deal, but when did it ever move the Brewers to take up arms against their own interests, and deliberately embark on a campaign to reduce their own trade?

Yet these are the mad things that Lesina in his report tries to stuff into the public noddle! That is what his hotch-potch of figures amounts to, when he tells us that No-License makes people drink more, and that Bung is opposed to No-License.

It is true that more liquor is sold in the Dominion. But not the slightest attempt is made to show that this increase has taken place in the No-License districts.

As a matter of fact, there has been a tremendous diminution there. Though sur-

rounded on all sides by drink districts, and though desperate efforts are made by Bung to evade the law and promote sly boozing within them, there has been an immense shrinkage in the consumption of alcoholic liquors in the No-License areas.

That is the reason why Bung hates No-License. That is the reason why the Trade in Queensland sent Mr. Lesina to New Zealand to work up a case—any kind of a case—against its introduction here.

We trot out no statistics, though we could deluge this paper with them if necessary, but we appeal to the intelligence of our readers, and ask them to compare the logic of this position with the absurd and self-contradictory "arguments" of the Lesina report.

There were, up to within a few months ago, only six No-License districts out of sixty-two in the Dominion. How could such relatively small areas be expected to pull down the drink bill of the country to any appreciable extent? Especially with grog areas all round them, and those who wax fat on the drinking habits of the people doing all they can to push an illicit trade within their borders.

"The Worker" is dealing with this matter from the standpoint of a Labor journal, and we pass on therefore to the reasons which Mr. Lesina gives why Labor people should oppose No-License legislation.

He states, as one clinching argument against voting for the suppression of the drink industry, that in some No-License towns in New Zealand the gas is not municipalised, but is in the hands of private companies, who charge exorbitant prices for the gas.

Was anything quite so ridiculous ever advanced before as an argument on any serious question?

Why, if that sort of reasoning is to prevail, you could wipe out the Labor movement in Queensland with it. It might be gravely pointed out that in many towns which return Labor members the gas is monopolised by private enterprisers, who bleed the people by the high rates they impose.

But, says Mr. Lesina, No-License towns in New Zealand pay low wages too. Well, and so also do Labor towns in Queensland. It cannot be shown, though, that there is any relation of cause and effect between these facts. It is a trifling with intelligence to suggest that there is.

"The borough permanent laborers at Ashburton," says Mr. Lesina, "receive but 7s. 6d. per day under No-License, as against 8s. paid in the boroughs of Lyttelton, Tangiora, Tumner, Akoroa, and Woolston under License."

Does the member for Clermont, when he hurls that crushing circumstance at us, really want us to believe that if those laborers in Ashburton took to drink their wages would immediately be raised?

Wildly foolish as it appears, he really does! Unutterably stupid as are such "arguments," it is upon them that Mr. Lesina and his

Bung bosses rely to convince Labor people of the evil of keeping sober.

He proceeds to enlarge upon the point. He contends that "if all workers were to become teetotallers wages would inevitably fall to the wretched level, perchance, of Oriental countries like India and China." And he quotes Morrison Davidson in support, as follows:—

By the iron law of wages the recompense of the workers always tends to the minimum on which they are willing to subsist. If they are content with water to drink and cabbages to eat, they may be sure that the means of buying whisky or roast beef will very soon be taken from them.

The quotation will not uphold such a posterous line of argument as Mr. Lesina wishes it to. What Morrison Davidson says is, that if the workers' standard of living falls, there will be a corresponding fall in wages.

That is an accurate statement of an economic law. **Teetotalism, however, does not mean a lowering of the standard of living; it means a lifting up of the standard of living, and consequently, by force of the very economic law that Morrison Davidson refers to, and that Mr. Lesina does not evidently understand, a corresponding rise in wages.**

The soberer a man is, the more things he wants; the clearer he keeps his intellect the more determined he is to have them. The man who drinks, does so, in nine cases out of ten, at the cost of his household; does so at the cost of his intellectual enjoyments, and the higher comforts of existence.

We are not going to fall into such a simple trap as comparing the Orient with the Occident, or one country with another. We are content to rest our case upon the self-evident proposition that a sober Australian nation will have a higher standard of living than a drinking Australian nation, because sobriety stands for intelligence, and intelligence means love of pictures, love of music, love of books, love of good clothes, and good food, and good houses, and all the other good things that make life worth living.

Take now another of the "arguments" which Mr. Lesina addresses especially to Labor people.

The liquor trade should not be stamped out, he says, because it will deprive of their jobs the persons employed in it.

To begin with, the grog industry, in proportion to the amounts it takes out of the people's pockets, provides work for fewer men and women than any other industry whatever.

That the displacement of labor caused by the suppression of the drink trade would occasion some hardship goes without saying, but on the other hand the continuance of the trade causes greater hardships still, and not hardships only, but degradation also.

There is always suffering when labor is displaced, from any cause, whether the suppression of an industry by law or invention, or the introduction of labor-saving machinery.

That is one of the drawbacks of our wretched social system. **But evil traffics that are corrupting the community, that are injuring many times more people than they benefit, cannot be allowed to continue on such a plea as Bung puts forward by the pen of his agent Lesina.**

The same "argument" could have been advanced for the continuance of the slave trade in America, and no doubt was. It employed so many persons, it disbursed so much money in wages and commissions, there was so much capital invested in it, it kept so many subsidiary trades busy.

The identical reasons assigned by Mr. Lesina for no interference with the liquor traffic would have served the slave-owners of the United States, and it wouldn't surprise us to learn that they had their agents urging them upon the public then, just as the member for Clermont is doing for the Licensed Victuallers to-day.

It is an "argument," furthermore, which burglars, thieves, forgers, and all the rest of the criminal crew would be justified in adducing in support of their ancient professions. Look at the number of persons they employ—policemen, warders, lawyers, judges, and others too numerous to mention.

Yet what would be thought of a Lesina who should come forward in their interests, and plead that it was wrong to minimise crime, because it would throw so many men and women out of work?

The cause that has to rely upon such pleadings must be riddled with rottenness, and destitute of any decent standing.

There is a good deal more in the Lesina report which might be held up to public ridicule and contempt, but "The Worker," as before stated, is concerned with those portions of it intended particularly to influence Labor people.

And so far as the economic and political aspect of the matter goes he not only fails to make out a case for Bung, but himself all unwittingly exposes the putridity of the cause he has espoused.

The working class suffer more from the cause of drink than any other class. It strikes at them from every direction. It inflicts positive mischiefs upon them in mental demoralisation and loss of physical energy. It hurts them even more on the negative side, in hindering the development of their class consciousness, and getting in the way of their social and economic education.

The Lesina report says that "on election night (in the Dominion) vast crowds cheer, not the successful candidates, but the returns which show that this electorate has gone 'dry' or that one has gone 'wet.'" And he adds: "This extraordinary feeling is the hardest proposition the Labor movement has to face."

Which is all wrong. The hardest proposition the Labor movement has to face is the thoughtlessness and apathy of the crowd. **And a drinking public is never a thinking public.**

There would be a heap of work—mountains of work—still remaining to be done if the liquor traffic were abolished to-morrow, and every drop of alcohol in Australia drained off into the innocent sea.

But at least it would be easier to do it, for it is only in sober places that Socialism takes root and grows.

We are with the temperance people in the demand for the popular control of this great question. We are with them in the demand to have it submitted to the principle of majority rule, not the undemocratic principle of the three-fifths majority, which cripples progress in New Zealand and maintains the evil ascendancy of Bung, but the simple majority which suffices to decide the greatest national issues outside the grog saloon.

We hope when the Queensland Parliament deals with this question it will be in the direction of making the will of the people supreme, and not of placing it in the power of the minority to determine that an evil traffic shall continue to the detriment of the whole community.

* * *

Mr. Lesina begins his report by hypocritically quoting from Richard Steele, "The noblest motive is the public good."

Hypocritically, we say, for the member for Clermont's motive is the publican's good.

Mr. Lesina has since dropped out of the political arena in Queensland, and is now the liquor organizer for New Zealand Licensed Victuallers at a salary of £700.

Advice, 'tis cheap, so we are told,
And people oft ignore it;
But if they had to pay, I'm sure,
In their brain-pans they'd store it.
But very few upon this Earth
Could fail their friends to adjure,
Everyone blessed with common sense
To drink Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

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From January 1, 1913, the price of "Grit" posted each week will be 6/- a year. After five and a half years' experience we are compelled to make this small increase and believe no one who reads "Grit" will object to this most reasonable charge.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 28, 1913.

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The Case for No-License

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Twenty pages of the 76 are given to interesting illustrations of the success of No-License in Canada, the United States, and New Zealand. The exaggerations and boogies put forth by License advocates in the last campaign here are exposed.

It is as a handbook to the No-License controversy in this State, and is right up-to-date. Speakers, writers, and other workers in the great cause will find it invaluable.

A Personal Chat with my readers

RECUPERATING. A teacher in one of our public schools was trying to explain the meaning of the word "recuperate."

"Bessie," she said, "suppose your papa had worked very hard all day. He would be tired and worn out, wouldn't he?"

"Yes, miss."

"And then when night comes and his work is over for the day, what does he do?"

"Oh," replied Bessie, "that's just what mother wants to know."

Bessie's mother is but one of thousands in this State who are the unfortunate possessors of husbands who, instead of coming straight home from their work, having a hot meal, a romp with children, "recuperate" at the "Red Lion" or some other equally questionable drinking house.

It is nearly time that the tables were turned. For now Bessie's mother has to "recuperate" at the wash tub to pay the rent, and Bessie has to "recuperate" in slaving at home in her mother's absence whilst the wealthy brewer "recuperates" in his motor car and fashionable residence. "Recuperation" is very desirable, but let the right people enjoy it. A vote for No-License will help.

A QUESTION OF FOOD.

"Flour, potatoes, cabbage, American bacon, a little onions, sugar, even tea and learning can turn into stuff that will exhilarate as much as porter or whisky. We told you ours was a rough and ready wisdom, but we do claim that for the most part when drink in Ireland isn't from no feeding it is from bad ignorant feeding that produces the kind of constitution that needs a perpetual whip and spur to keep it going. To bring a man back to a state of nature from that state of disgrace we would fling away the contents of medicine bottles and porter bottles and whisky bottles; we would put him into his cot, start him on a feeding bottle to begin life all over again and win his way from sickness to that blissful convalescence when one can be as gloriously drunk on a crust of bread as on six bottles of porter, and keep one's brains into the bargain." So writes the editor of "The Irish Homestead," and although there may be a certain amount of poetic licence in the thought of being "gloriously drunk on a crust of bread," yet his claim to a certain amount of "rough and ready wisdom" may be readily admitted.

In health one may feel fit to "jump over a house" or "hungry enough to eat a yellow dog," and that is exhilaration beyond anything liquor can give. Good health is as

dependent on wise eating as it is on good cooking. Children brought up on highly seasoned foods and condiments are quick to lose their delicate palate, and things that have a relish for normal people are insipid to them.

THE VALUE OF FACTS.

It may seem a startling thing to many people that the 13 No-License areas of New Zealand consumed 337,386 gallons of liquor in the last 12 months. When looked at closely and critically these big figures are a cause of great joy to No-License advocates. There are 186,252 people living in the No-License areas, and if you deduct those who are too young or too sensible to drink you can allow half the number—93,126—as possible drinkers, and this amount, certified to by the Government statistician allows them only half a pint a week each. Let me put it in another way. The total consumption of liquor in the Dominion in 1912 amounted to 11,310,918 gallons. Allow an equal distribution of this and we find the 63 license areas consumed on an average 12,157 gallons per head, and the 13 No-License areas only consumed 1,811 gallons. In 1910 these same No-License areas consumed 2.1 gallons, and we now have the conclusive proof, first that any increased drinking takes place in licensed areas, and second that while it may be had lawfully in No-License areas as time goes by the people do not think it worth the trouble of getting. Some one may ask, what about the liquor that finds its way into these areas unlawfully? I fail to appreciate the question, and fear I cannot discuss a matter which is unsupported by any fact or any authority, and which is entirely unsupported by any evidence in the conduct of the people.

The Editor

NOT BLIND.

"John, did you take that letter to Mrs. Simpkins?"

"Yes, sir; but I don't think he can read it."

"Why so, John?"

"I think he's blind, sir; why, when I was in the room he asked me twice where my hat was, and it was on my head all the time."

A Drunkard's Reverie and its Outcome.

(Written for "Grit" by "Reclaimed.")

The tired Australian is always represented as needing some support to enable him to stand upright. Be this so or not, certain it is, that the drunken portion of our population attaches itself frequently to a lamp-post. The man who wants to get drunk, and can't manage it, adopts the same plan. The lamp-post is convenient; it is solid; and by night or day is unequalled as a support for the weary one. So thought a man of more or less interesting appearance one fine May day recently, as he indolently scanned the faces of the passers-by in King-street, Sydney.

"There goes Cecil G——," he muttered to himself as a well-groomed and prosperous man, now in the prime of manhood, flashed by in his motor-car. "He doesn't know me now." And the wreck, for such he was, glanced down at his shabby habiliments with a cynical laugh that had a good deal of a sigh about it. The chance rencontre with the driver of the motor revived all sorts of memories in the derelict's mind. Why, it was only a few short years ago when, with the prospects of a bright future before him, he had found himself among the gayest of the gay. The gilded youth of the city had welcomed the clever young journalist with open arms. His sparkling wit had been the chief attraction at many an after-theatre supper table. He had gone with the giddy throng, regardless that time was given to man for anything but his own enjoyment. And had he enjoyed it? He knew now as he looked back he had not done so. He had been drawn, as many another before him, into the vortex of a life in which he failed to keep up the pace. He had got into deep waters, and these had closed over his head. "How many young fellows," he thought bitterly, "are now doing just as I did. If they could only see. God knows I am an object lesson, and I've no doubt at all my name is often mentioned as a warning. Surely I am the red light of danger on the drunkard's path. All my old friends have gone. The only acquaintances I have now are those who think I might 'hold enough' to pay for a beer. If I don't hold it they don't want me. And when I do, I'm glad to spend it on these sycophants, glad of the loathsome flattery they pour out on my greedy ear. It is an echo of the past. They whisper to the barmaid, 'He was a gentleman once. He was —,' and so on. How have I sunk! What a degraded thing I have become! I can swallow this dirt from the scum of the city, and as president of the ungodly revels while my money lasts 'I fill 'em up again.' These men never have any money, or if they do they never waste it on me. I am only a 'mug.' An object to be taken down when possible, to be despised when not. This morning my tongue is like a piece of soaped leather. No one asks me to drink. The publican over there would insult me if I asked for tick. Ah, there goes L——, he used to be a good fellow. I'll put

the acid on him." And the drunkard proceeds to bite the ear of a former acquaintance, who gives him a shilling, a brief lecture, and a thousand pounds' worth of honest contempt. For the benefit of the uninitiated, it may be explained that to bite a man's ear is to ask him for money.

The possession of a shilling brought new life into our friend. He had not eaten a square meal for many days, and no thought of doing so now entered his head. He walked with a more buoyant step, perhaps, and held his head a shade higher than he had done before. Up and down the street he looked in search of an acquaintance. The instinct of hospitality was strong upon him, as it unfortunately so often is in the drunkard, and he wanted "to shout." Companionship was more to him than beer. What was the use of expanding under the "influence" if there was no one to interchange ideas with. And yet he knew that decent men would neither drink with him, nor waste time in his company. Some out-at-elbows actor, some Bohemian of the nether world—'twas only such that he could chum up with. At last the desired one not appearing, he opened the swing doors of a well-known pub and entered. A shilling! he would spend it. Though it was all he had in the world, and knew not where to get another to despise it as much as the man who gave it had come to despise him. He would be well-treated, despite his wretched appearance whilst he had money to pay for beer, and a shilling was wealth. It represented four pints. Only a drunkard can appreciate wealth measured by that standard. Four brimming pints "with froth on the outside" as he facetiously put it to the girl behind the bar when calling for his drink. What mattered it, if, when the money was spent, he would be ignominiously turned into the street. Nobody cared and he had ceased to care himself. He felt that death would come one of these days and claim him in some disreputable way or another. Let it come. The sooner the better. There would be none to regret. Some of his proud relatives would be glad he no longer disgraced them. Perhaps they would even pay the expenses of his funeral, he thought, and he knew that if they did it would be not for his sake but for shame's sake. And yet his better feelings were not dead within him. Remorse and regret were the bitter accompaniments of all his days.

"The saddest words of tongue or pen
Are these—what might have been,"

How he could endorse Maud Muller's lament! From his heart he could cry out with Wilfred Denver "Oh, God! put back thy universe and give me yesterday." The only things that he knew now to be of any real value he had forfeited; carelessly discarded them like a worn-out garment. A fond mother's love, a dear sister's affection, the hearty welcome of early friends who predicted great things for his future and

who believed in him. These were the real things; these and the Love of the Great and merciful God whose goodness he had so often outraged. These thoughts welled up in his soul with an overwhelming force which drove him forth into the streets once more, drove him onward through the streets with quickened pace. With eyes unseeing aught of all the street contained and a heart filled only with a desire to escape for a moment from the city's noise and bustle. Presently he found himself, almost without knowing it, lying prone on the green sward of the people's Domain, and the tears which had risen to his poor tired eyes burst forth unrestrainedly.

It was his darkest hour, and it did not pass unnoticed. A gentleman who had watched him rushing from the street and noted the wild look in his bleared eyes had followed. He was used to the sight of despairing men, and believed that a hand stretched out in friendship was worth more than gold in saving much useful humanity that most people were content to regard as waste material. He reckoned he could do some good here. The case required tact and delicacy. He was used to the exercise of both. And it need only be said here that his practical help given at the right time reclaimed the derelict, and the latter is to-day a useful member of the community.

PLEDGE-SIGNING CRUSADE

In the fortnight from August 8th to 21st, 257 men and 74 women have been convicted for drunkenness. Of these 63 have signed the pledge, making a total of 1562 for the year. There was an extra lot of young men after the Wells-Mehagan fight. They went in to drink success to the winner, talked fight, and soon got to fighting. We have had the usual number of injured, lost-the-job-through-drink, and poorly clad men, and in addition we have had an ex-sergeant of the Life Guards and other interesting and well worth helping people.

MANY THANKS.

The following donations are the more gratefully received because so badly needed: Mrs. Stanger Leathes, 5/-; A.J., 5/-; Lawson Dash, 20/-; per Miss Slack, 15/-; Bowral and Mittagong, 29/-; Miss Spencer, 20/-; St. Simon's Brotherhood, 20/-; A. Yates, £5; D. E. Shaw, £5; R.B., 10/-; James Sandy, £5/5/-; E. G. Wright, 3/8; — Clout, 10/-; Miss F. Moor, 20/-.

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Row fast for that floating object there,
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Then the captain took his binoculars,
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LIBERTY LEAGUES. ■■■

"You can fool some of the people some of the time, and some of the people all the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time."

Dear Sir,—The above quotation has been often attributed to Abraham Lincoln, but as a matter of fact the author was J. P. Barnum, the great American showman. Lincoln, the originator of the proclamation for the emancipation of slaves, was terrifically in earnest in all his sayings and doings, but one can readily understand that the proprietor of the greatest show on earth would be quite capable of inventing the above quotation. Just now quite a number of hotel-keepers are realising the truth of the above lines for having lashed themselves into a state of enthusiasm in the sacred cause of liberty (sic), they now realise that they are left without one shred of liberty themselves. It is a sorry and sordid spectacle, enough to make the Goddess of Liberty bury her torch in the mud.

In proof of this statement I will just mention the following instances of cases which certainly deserve a better reward. For their efforts in conserving the freehold properties of this gigantic brewery, which not only dominates the lesser lights of the brewing trade, but actually stands in the same relation to this community as the Standard Oil Company does to the citizens of the United States of America. The licensed victuallers have been penalised as follows:—

- (1) W. Newman, Hotel Victoria, Marrickville, five years extension of lease, £2500 cash bonus, with the addition of £750 expended on the Brewery's property. Total, £3250 and a large increase of rent.
- (2) Phillip Potter, Westminster Hotel, Regent-street, five years lease, bonus £2500, and large increase of rent.
- (3) James Derby, Pulteny, Cook's River, five years extension of lease, bonus £1500, an increase of £3 per week rent.
- (4) Mr. Peters, Bald Rock Hotel, Balmain, cash bonus £1000, increase of rent £2 per week, five years extension of lease.
- (5) Mrs. Toohey, Norfolk Pine Hotel, Balmain, widow; 17 years the Brewery's tenant. Extension of five years, cash bonus £600 and increase of rent.

Similar instances are on record, but these will suffice for the present. Your readers will note that all these cases emanate from one brewery. Their protests fall on deaf ears, and they are still being goaded on to join a Liberty League. Whilst all this is going on a desperate attempt is being made by this big institution to catch the vote of organised Labor, notwithstanding there have been three strikes in this brewery during the same number of months, and one actually on at the time of writing. Even you

must have some admiration for the Goulburn and Wagga Leagues who have dropped their mask of Liberty, come out in the open and established Continuance Leagues.—Yours, etc.,

ANTI-HUMBUG.

THE VERDICT OF EXPERTS

(Continued from Page 2.)

tested separately. The alcohol was given by inhalation only, and the author says: "The inhalation method is entirely satisfactory; the guinea-pigs thrive and usually gain in weight during the experiment; they have good appetites, and are in all respects apparently normal. The only indication of the effects of the treatment is shown by the quality of the offspring they produce." The treatment was continued for such periods as fifteen months and more. When killed, the animals were microscopically normal, even as regards the reproductive glands. Says Stockard, "They may be compared to a toper who drinks daily but never becomes really drunk. While the bodies of these animals show no direct effects of the alcohol, the conditions of the offspring to which they give rise exhibit most strikingly the effects of the alcoholic treatment." It will be seen that this agrees with Bertholet's observations in man, showing the early susceptibility of the germ-cells.

Neither the photographs nor other details of this long and invaluable paper can here be quoted. It suffices to say that no one can read the paper without assent to the following sentences, in which the author expresses his results: "The present experiments seem to us to demonstrate in a convincing way that alcohol may readily affect the offspring through either parent, and that this effect is almost fatal to the existence of the offspring when the parents have been treated to even fairly large doses of alcohol. Many of the cases seem to indicate, further, that the tissues of the nervous system in the offspring are particularly sensitive in their responses to the induced conditions."

The Only Failure in the Family

(Continued from Page 3.)

All was clear at last. My eyes knew. I had lost all that men fight over, and in return I had found what those who fight can never know, God's peace."

Friedrich could not speak. He was bewildered. Perhaps the reader has guessed that Friedrich himself was now a Herr Pastor and had crossed the ocean with the most uplifted and spiritual views. He stooped, and, lifting the hem of the old water-stained cape that hung from Gottfried's shoulders, pressed his lips to it. "My brother," he said brokenly, "will you leave all now? Will you come with me to that far country, and will you help me with my work there? Will you speak to my people of what you have learned?"

Gottfried smiled. "Little Brother," he said, "it is too late. I can never give the message. You can try if you like. It is no new lesson. It lies on every hand—in every land. It rises with every sun and moon, it shines in every star. Our Lord Jesus Christ made it quite plain. It is there for all who follow Him."

Friedrich Stallwert came into the little inn quite late that night and ordered a hot supper got ready.

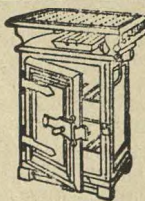
"My brother is coming with me," he said to the landlord.

"Ah, he's a strange man," said the landlord; "not much like the rest of the family."

"No, not like the rest of the family," the clergyman repeated absent-mindedly.

But Gottfried came not. After his brother had gone on back to order the supper he had stood a long while looking over the valley of purple shadows and the jagged, green peaks of the forest edge. When he had looked his fill he seated himself again under the big tree, folded the old cape about him, leaned back, drew a long breath and closed his eyes.

"Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit," he said gently—and passed onward at once. There was no pain, no doubt.



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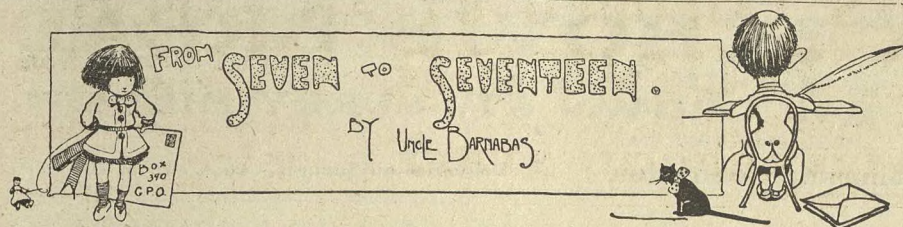
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SPLENDID ARITHMETIC.

In Matthew, chapter six, verse thirty-three, we have two arithmetic words that we must all try and understand: "Seek first." Now, all my ne's and ni's understand that if I gave them 10 pounds it would be delightful, but if I gave them 01 pounds it would be a puzzle to find the gift. If we put God first it means everything good, but if we put Him even second it is disastrous. The other word is "added," and we most of us have to learn that being a Christian is not "subtraction," but it is "addition," for serving God with a whole heart has the promise of His "adding" all that we need for usefulness and happiness. Miss Van Der Veer writes:—

We have the wisest teacher, and she has given this rule
That helps us in our lessons—you can use it in your school.
Always add a smile or two when things are going wrong,
Subtract the frowns that try to come when lessons seem too long,
Then multiply your efforts when the figures won't come right,
Divide your pleasures day by day with everyone in sight.
Now if you always use this rule you'll have a happy day,
For lessons then are easy, and the hours fly away.

—Uncle B.

A NEW NE.

Wilfred Wynter, Wynterville, Tinonee, 29/6/13, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Will you have me for a ne. I was 15 years old on the 15th of April. We live about two miles from Tinonee along the Gloucester road. It is a nice sunny day to-day, but it has been very wet, and I hope it will keep fine for a bit. We have a garden with some cabbages, cauliflowers, peas, broad beans, and some young beet-root in it. We have two dogs (Skipper and Bounce.) Bounce is mine. He is a greyhound: all white, with dark ears and half his head black. We have four bullocks with which we plough, and father has just bought us a horse which my brother and I can both ride. We have also some cows and poddies. I have three brothers and one sister. We have a good few fruit trees, and we had a good few oranges this year. Father takes "Grit" now, and I always read Page 11. He is a strict teetotaler. We have a Sunday school at our place, and the children around come and like it. We have been up here on the selection four years last January. I must close now, as it is tea time. From your would-be nephew.

(Dear Wilfred,—I am glad to have you as a ne. I want a lot more ne's, and they are

only just beginning to write to me. I wonder do you still go to school, or do you help father on the farm. Be sure and send me a photo when you have one.—Uncle B.)

WRITING WHILE YOU WAIT.

Marjorie Magnusson, 30 Reads Quay, Gisborne, June 29, 1913, writes:—

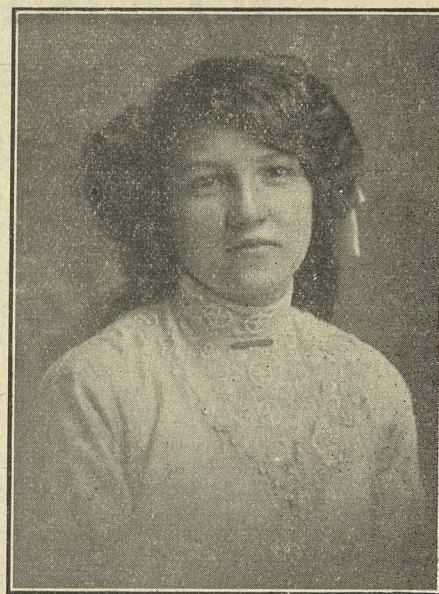
Dear Uncle B.,—It is such a glorious morning, and we have just come from church, that, as dinner is not quite ready, I could not resist coming out to have a sunbath, so I thought I might just as well answer your letter. You asked me about H.M.S. New Zealand. Well, I saw so little that I really don't know what to tell you about. All I saw was the big guns worked, the mess rooms, and a few other places, also their miniature menagerie. In this month's School Journal, Captain Halsey wrote such a nice letter to "the children of the Dominion." Well, uncle, it is nearly time to close, so I will say, or rather write, good-bye. Please remember me to all my new-found cousins. I remain, your affectionate niece.

(Dear Marjorie,—I am so pleased you made use of your few minutes of waiting. Most of us waste an awful lot of time, and it would be fine to follow your example, and always do something when we have to wait. I think you might have told us what the miniature menagerie as like.—Uncle B.)

A FRIEND OF BERYL'S.

Sheela Rainsford, "Glendalough," Bayview Street, Bexley, June 30th, 1913, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I would very much like



VERA YATES.

to become your niece. I noticed in last week's "Grit" a letter from Beryl Anderson, so this is not the first letter from Bexley.

I go to the same Sunday school as Beryl. On several occasions I have had the opportunity of hearing Mrs. Lee-Cowie speak. On my return visit from a trip to England, when I was four years old, I first met her, and when I went up to her after she had given an address in the St. George district a short time ago, she remembered me.

I am pleased to say there are no hotels in Bexley. It would spoil the clearness and freshness of such a healthy suburb if there were. I go to Fort-street school, but I have only been going there since Christmas.

At present we have midwinter holidays, so



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The Editor, "Photography and Focus," London.

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I thought I would write before I am back at school and have home work to occupy my time.

We have a dear little fox terrier pup, but he can jump over the fence, and so causes us some trouble, as we are afraid he will bite someone.

Well, I must now bring my letter to a close. Hoping you will accept me as your niece.—I remain, your loving niece.

(Dear Sheela,—So you know Beryl. That's fine, and I am glad you have become a ni. If you are ever in danger of becoming a scallawag, I will tell Beryl to stir you up. When is your birthday? And what about a photo of yourself? Do you remember enough of England to tell us about it?—Uncle B.)

THE SPLENDID NO.

Jack Isbister, Prince-st., Grafton, 18/6/13, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I am glad to have the opportunity of writing this letter to you. Having seen a very interesting subject in last week's "Grit," entitled "He promised his Mother," I feel compelled to write and try to describe to you whether he did right or wrong.

He must have thought a great deal of his mother to have kept his promise which made him a hero, and he won respect of every man he met, not because he pleased them by doing what was wrong, but by showing them that any man can do the right thing. If he only has the courage to say No: only that little No. Oh, if we could say No what a lot of trouble we would save our parents and ourselves.

What a great man Captain Jack Crawford must have been to have grown up among all the temptation, and never broke that promise. I have made that promise, and though I may not be as great as Captain Jack, I can, if I trust in Jesus, be strong enough to always say no.

We are having Mrs. Harrison Lee-Cowie lecturing in our district next week, and I hope she will induce the people to vote No-License at our next election. Well, Uncle B., I hope you will accept me as one of your nephews.—Yours faithfully,

(Dear Jack,—I am very pleased to have you as a ne, and delighted with your letter. I hope all your "cousins" will read your letter and decide to trust the Lord Jesus, and say No. I hope you will often write, and perhaps you may even persuade others to do so.—Uncle B.)

* * *

Jessica Begg, Railway Parade, Hurstville, 23rd June, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Will you please receive me as one your ni's. I am 13 years; my birthday is on 30th December. I have not got a photo of myself, as I have not been

taken since I was six (except at school, which are awful). I go to Hurstville School and am in Upper Fifth Class. I go to C. of E. Sunday School. I have been going since I was four, and I get a prize every year. We have a Scripture Union Class, which I joined. We have a meeting at the first of every month. We have a Sowers' Band, and I am going to join. Last Saturday only four went. Hope cannot join, as she has friends who come up every Saturday. We got our prizes not long ago. I got second, entitled "A Bunch of Cousins." Its name is suitable for the bunch of cousins in "Grit."

I hope I will not be a scallyway, but I DO hate letter writing. I has been raining here some days. I know one of your ne's; he lives near our place. I have been reading "Grit" for a long time and like it. A friend of Hope's gives it to us every week. My sister Hope asked me to write to "Grit," as she was going to write, so I said I would. I think I am writing too much nonsense. Hoping you will receive me as your would-be ni.

P.S.—Would you please ask some of my ni's to write to me. I am pleased to read Ivy Bradfield has a nice birthday.

(Dear Jessica,—You are welcome as a ni, and I think you and Hope must be photographed together. You can never hope to be a letter getter if you are not a letter sender. I wonder does Hope's friend every write to me? I expect your electorate will do very well next poll.—Uncle B.)

A NARROW ESCAPE.

Nettie Hume, Armidale, "Moana," Donnelly-st., June 25th, 1913, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,

I had better write a few lines so as I shall not get my name on the scallawag list, if it is not already there. I have had three letters from cousin Dulcie Davis, also some views of Milton, and a box of lovely shells. I would be glad if any others of my "Grit" cousins would write to me. We have had a dreadful lot of rain lately, and is pouring down now. I saw Dot Moore's photo in "Grit" last week. I used to know her when I was going to school, but I suppose she

would not know me if she saw me. There are four other girls write to you from here, and I don't know any of them. I said in my last letter boys were lazy, but I apologise, because I forgot you were a "boy," and I am sure you are not lazy. I am very fond of reading. I don't think I could pick out my favorites because I have read so many. But I think "Beulah" and "Infelice," by A. G. Evans-Wilson are lovely books, and Mrs. Henry Woods, Ethel Turner, Annie Swan, and Rosa Carey are all good writers. Well, uncle, I cannot think of any more now, with love to all cousins and yourself from your affectionate niece.

(Dear Nettie,—You have had a narrow escape from being on my scallawag list, and I am glad of your letter. I hope you soon meet Dot again, and that you will also meet your other "cousins" soon. Next time I come to Armidale I must have a meeting of ne's and ni's, and we will have a lovely time—that's something to look forward to.—Uncle B.)

A HELPER.

May Barnes, Market Square, Wollongong, 27th June, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,

It was my birthday on the 21st June. I was 13 years old. I went to Mrs. Lee-Cowie's lecture, and enjoyed it very much. She took us for a trip in an imaginary aeroplane all over the world, calling at different places. I have collected 5/- for the "Children's Issue of 'Grit.'" I am knitting a scarf, but I think winter will be over before it is finished, but it will do for next winter. My favorite games are—Skipping, rounders, prisoners' base, and egg-in-the-hat on the beach. I do not like dolls, because I am too big for them. I have three sisters and two brothers. but I am the oldest. Love to all my cousins and yourself, I remain your loving niece.

(Dear May,—For your help my warmest thanks. I hope you will like the Children's Issue. I wonder how many of those who write to me from Wollongong district you know? You must be on the look-out for your "cousins," and be sure and tell me when you meet any of them.—Uncle B.)

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8 8



HOW ABOUT IT LADIES?

A little girl, about four years old, was watching her mother pin her hat on before the mirror, and said inquiringly: "Mamma, when I am as big as you are, will my head be soft enough to stick hat pins through?"

NOT SO WONDERFUL.

An American tourist hailing from the west was recently out sightseeing in London. They took him aboard the old battleship Victory, which was Lord Nelson's flagship in several of his most famous naval triumphs. An English sailor escorted the American over the vessel, and coming to a raised brass tablet he said, as he reverently removed his hat:

"Ere, sir, is the spot where Lord Nelson fell."

"Oh, is it?" replied the American blankly. "Well, that ain't nothing. I nearly tripped on the blame thing myself."

EASY ENOUGH.

"Even a policeman can't arrest the flight of time," said the funny man.

"Oh, I don't know," rejoined the matter of fact person. "Only this morning I saw a policeman enter a side door and stop a few minutes."

* * *

WHAT HE WANTED TO KNOW.

"Which is correct?" asked a poultry instructress of her class, "to speak of a sitting hen or a setting hen?"

"I don't know," replied an interested student, "and, what's more, I don't care. But there's one thing I would like to know: When a hen cackles, has she been laying or is she lying?"

* * *

STATISTICS.

Hub (with newspaper)—Listen to this, wifey: "For every missionary sent abroad last year, Christian America sent 1495 gallons of liquor."

Wifey—Merciful goodness! Who'd ever think missionaries were such drinkers?—Boston "Transcript."

* * *

Black: "She said on her wedding day that she would go through everything with him."

White: "Well, I guess she has. I loaned him a ten spot this morning."—Judge.

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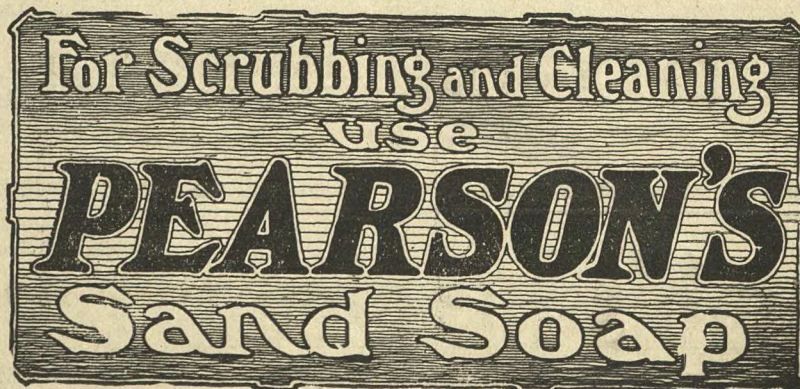
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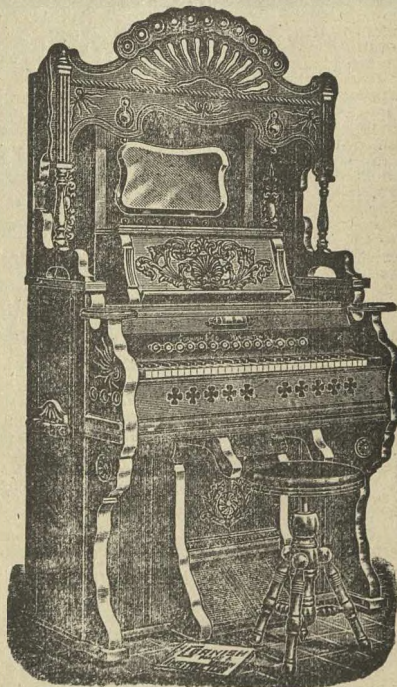
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(Continued.)

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56. I am so low in sin.

FORGIVENESS.

John 15: 4-5.—Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me.

I am the vine, ye are the branches; He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without me ye can do nothing.

Psa. 69: 29.—But I am poor and sorrowful: let thy salvation, O God, set me up on high.

John 15: 7-14.—If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.

Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples.

As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you: continue ye in my love.

If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love; even as I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in his love.

These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full.

This is my commandment, That ye love one another, as I have loved you.

Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.

Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you.

57. The Christian life is too exacting.

1 Peter 4: 6.—For this cause was the gospel preached also to them that are dead, that they might be judged according to men in the flesh, but live according to God in the spirit.

Prov. 3: 11-17.—My son, despise not the chastening of the Lord; neither be weary of his correction:

For whom the Lord loveth he correcteth; even as a father the son in whom he delighteth.

Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding.

For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold.

She is more precious than rubies; and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her.

Length of days is in her right hand; and in her left hand riches and honor.

Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

Psa. 19: 9-11.—The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever: the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold; sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

Moreover by them is thy servant warned: and in keeping of them there is great reward.

Matt. 11: 28-30.—Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.

58. I won't go forward to that seat.

Matt. 10: 32-33.—Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven.

But whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven.

Matt. 18: 2, 3, 4.—And Jesus called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them.

And said, Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.

Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven.

59. I believe I'll get to heaven.

John 10: 1.—Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber.

John 10: 9.—I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture.

60. My trouble is a peculiar one.

Heb. 7: 25.—Wherefore he is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them.

Isa. 1: 16-19.—Wash you, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; cease to do evil;

Learn to do well; seek judgment, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow.

Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.

If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land.

61. I'm too young now.

Prov. 8: 17.—I love them that love me; and those that seek me early shall find me.

Psa. 71: 17.—O God, thou hast taught me from my youth: and hitherto have I declared thy wondrous works.

Psa. 71: 5.—For thou art my hope, O Lord God; thou art my trust from my youth.

62. No one knows my trouble.

Psa. 41: 1-4.—Blessed is he that considereth the poor: the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble.

The Lord will preserve him, and keep him alive; and he shall be blessed upon the earth: and thou wilt not deliver him unto the will of his enemies.

The Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing; thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness.

I said, Lord, be merciful unto me: heal my soul: for I have sinned against thee.

Heb. 12: 5-7.—And ye have forgotten the exhortation which speaketh unto you as unto children, My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of him:

For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth.

If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons; for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not?

63. I don't feel it is my time to be saved.

2 Cor. 6: 2.—(For he saith, I have heard thee in a time accepted, and in the day of salvation have I succoured thee: behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation.)

Isa. 55: 6, 7.—Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near:

Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.

64. I want to investigate this some more.

1 Sam. 3: 19-21.—And Samuel grew, and the Lord was with him, and did let none of his words fall to the ground.

And all Israel from Dan even to Beersheba knew that Samuel was established to be a prophet of the Lord.

And the Lord appeared again in Shiloh: for the Lord revealed himself to Samuel in Shiloh by the word of the Lord.

1 Cor. 2: 10-16.—But God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit: for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God.

For what man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of man which is in him? even so the things of God knoweth no man, but the Spirit of God.

Now we have received, not the spirit of the world, but the spirit which is of God; that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God.

Which things also we speak, not in the words

which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the holy Ghost teacheth; comparing spiritual things with spiritual.

But the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned.

But he that is spiritual judgeth all things, yet he himself is judged of no man.

For who hath known the mind of the Lord, that he may instruct him? But we have the mind of Christ.

WHOSOEVER!!!

65. It's harder for some to be saved than others.

1 John 5: 1.—Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God; and every one that loveth him that begat loveth him also that is begotten of him.

1 John 5: 18.—We know that whosoever is born of God sinneth not; but he that is begotten of God keepeth himself, and that wicked one toucheth him not.

Rev. 22: 17.—And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.

1 John 4: 15.—Whosoever shall confess that Jesus is the Son of God, God dwelleth in him, and he in God.

John 12: 46.—I am come a light into the world, that whosoever believeth on me should not abide in darkness.

Acts 2: 21.—And it shall come to pass, that whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved.

Acts 10: 43.—To give him all the prophets witness, that through his name whosoever believeth in him shall receive remission of sins.

Rom. 9: 33.—As it is written, Behold, I lay in Sion a stumblingstone and rock of offence: and whosoever believeth on him shall not be ashamed.

1 John 3: 6.—Whosoever abideth in him sinneth not: whosoever sinneth hath not seen him, neither known him.

Luke 12: 8.—Also I say unto you, Whosoever shall confess me before men, him shall the Son of man also confess before the angels of God.

Luke 17: 33.—Whosoever shall seek to save his life shall lose it; and whosoever shall lose his life shall preserve it.

John 4: 13.—Jesus answered and said unto her, Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again.

John 11: 26.—And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. Believest thou this?

1 John 3: 9.—Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin; for his seed remaineth in him: and he cannot sin, because he is born of God.

Rom. 10: 11.—For the scripture saith, Whosoever believeth on him shall not be ashamed.

Rom. 10: 13.—For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.

1 Cor. 11: 27.—Wherefore whosoever shall eat this bread, and drink this cup of the Lord, unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord.

Luke 6: 47.—Whosoever cometh to me, and heareth my sayings, and doeth them, I will shew you to whom he is like.

Luke 8: 18.—Take heed therefore how ye hear: for whosoever hath, to him shall be given: and whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken even that which he seemeth to have.

Luke 9: 48.—And said unto them, Whosoever shall receive this child in my name receiveth me: and whosoever shall receive me receiveth him that sent me: for he that is least among you all, the same shall be great.

66. Part of the Bible is not inspired.

Job 32: 8.—But there is a spirit in man: and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding.

Rom. 15: 4.—For whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning, that we through patience and comfort of the scriptures might have hope.

Deut. 4: 2.—Ye shall not add unto the word which I command you, neither shall ye diminish ought from it, that ye may keep the commandments of the Lord your God which I command you.

2 Tim. 3: 16, 17.—All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness:

(To be continued.)

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